

The Centenary of Catholic Emancipation

Joint Pastoral Letter of the Hierarchy of England and Wales

THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF ENGLAND AND WALES
TO THE CLERGY AND FAITHFUL OF THE SAID
COUNTRIES HEALTH AND BENEDIC-
TION IN THE LORD

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN AND DEAR
CHILDREN IN JESUS CHRIST:

AS we recall in God's presence the memorable years which have passed since on April 13, 1829, the Royal Assent was given to the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, our hearts are filled with thanksgiving to Him our Maker and Sovereign Lord who thus, after the trials of nearly three centuries, bestowed the beginnings of liberty upon His much-tried people. When we consider all the difficulties that had to be overcome, the latent prejudices so easily fanned into new life which had to be dissipated, and the unhappily divided counsels of Catholics themselves, we are better able to measure the duty of thanksgiving which is ours today. For one hundred years we have been living in the possession of the liberty which the Act of Emancipation restored to us. The story of those hundred years will be told in detail from many a pulpit and platform during the present year; and will, we know, awaken in the hearts of our people a new understanding of events barely known to, and not fully appreciated by, very many among them. Today, dear brethren and dear children in Jesus Christ, we desire to consider more summarily with you the grounds of our thanksgiving for the event of which we are about to celebrate the centenary; and, also, to bring home to both clergy and laity the vast responsibility which a hundred years of comparatively untrammelled Catholic life must necessarily cast upon us all.

GROUNDS FOR GRATITUDE

We give thanks to God in the first place for the restoration of our liberty. Till then we had been deprived of those elementary rights which are supposed to be the birthright of every Englishman. Solely on account of their religion, and in spite of a loyalty to their country unsurpassed by that of any section of their fellow-countrymen, and manifested in the face of direst provocation to resistance, our Catholic forefathers had been forbidden to practise the religion of their ancestors. They were debarred from most professional careers; the right to educate their children according to their conscience was restricted, and their tenure of property circumscribed. Now they became free to be and to live as other Englishmen, though they were in no way changed, and in nothing surrendered those claims of conscience for which they had striven, in so many cases to the loss of property and station, and in not a few to the shedding of their blood. Freedom to worship God was given to them again; restricted, though it was, until nearly three years ago, by enactments so foolish that they were killed by their own folly long before they were actually deprived of legality. For this freedom they gave thanks a hundred years ago, and we join with them today in blessing God for its enjoyment in ampler fulness as the years have passed since then.

Next we rejoice for our country's sake. The Act of Emancipation not only set free the Catholics of these islands, but it freed, too, the Protestant people who dwelt in them from a stigma of persecution which had dishonored them too long. From the days of Elizabeth the majority of the English people had lost in our regard the sanity of outlook and the traditional fairmindedness which are their boast—for the most part, rightly so—when Protestant prejudice does not intervene. Emancipation was the beginning of the disavowal of a very black period in our history, a tacit recantation of many a cherished libel. The looking back with fresh vision, the rereading in new light of the history of three hundred years, which then began, has not ceased. Under the guidance of historians who look for facts and are not content with the repetition of theories, many a long-accepted statement is seen to be false, and the true perspective of the religious revolution of the sixteenth

century is gradually being brought to the knowledge of those who read and think. The political emancipation of Catholics has surely been the beginning of the mental emancipation of many Protestants, too, by leading them to see things as they really are, and not as they once imagined them to be. The Catholic Church has a new dignity and importance in their eyes, and the Protestant theories of the past no longer confuse and bewilder them to the same extent as they once did.

Lastly, we give thanks to God for the progress, spiritual and material, of the Catholic Church in these countries since 1829. This is not the place to quote statistics. They would, perhaps, only distract us at this moment, from our immediate duty of pure unhampered thanksgiving. But, in spite of the human weakness and shortcomings which are inherent in every work that is given to man to accomplish, there are, indeed, signs of progress on every side. "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy Name alone be glory given."

A GLORIOUS RESPONSIBILITY

Our thanksgiving would be incomplete, and might become sterile and barren, were it not united with a deepening sense of the responsibility which liberty and consequent opportunity have begotten. We must not forget the unique place which we now held in the nation's life. We are the legitimate heirs of those who professed and maintained the united and unbroken Faith of the Catholic Church in this our land. We are united in belief and worship and communion with the three hundred millions of Catholics who at home, and in every nation abroad, recognize us as sharers in one spiritual brotherhood, even as we acknowledge them. While second to none in all those things that make upon us the true claim of nationhood, we are the upholders of that veritable supranational fraternity which Christ Himself created, that He might gather all nations without distinction into the unity of His Church. And to appreciate our position aright, we must never view it in isolation, nor detach it from its due place in the continuous action of the Church Catholic upon our people and nation. We are no sect. The Emancipated Church is the same Church as the British Church; as the Saxon Church; as the Norman Church; as

the Church which, having made England, became in a new and clearer sense the *Ecclesia Anglicana*, the Catholic Church in England and the Church of the English people. Again, the Emancipated Church is the selfsame as that of our English Martyrs and of the dark days of persecution.

CONTINUITY IN FAITH AND WORSHIP

As we trace the long and glorious history of the Church in this country, three characteristics stand out pre-eminently.

First, there is at every period a definite recognition of unity, and of authority safeguarding that unity, and of the existence of a center of jurisdiction in the Apostolic See of Rome. Only by closing the eyes to patent facts can this first continuous characteristic be denied. There was a time when great efforts were made to deny its existence in the case of Britain during the days of the Roman occupation. It was once boldly asserted, in defiance of the extreme likelihood that Romans from Rome would have brought at least some Roman Christians in their number, that British Christianity was a thing apart, separated from, and uncontaminated by, any Roman influence. Such theories are gradually being scattered by their inherent improbability as well as by the absence of evidence to support them. The Council of Arles in 314, attended by three British Bishops, with its message to St. Sylvester giving him a recognition paid to no other Bishop, is for the moment a sufficiently eloquent testimony. It is a Pope who sends Germanus of Auxerre, and Lupus of Troyes to Britain to combat heresy; and dispatches Palladius to Ireland "as the first Bishop of the Scots believing in Christ."

With regard to the other periods of our history previous to the sixteenth century, the evidence is incontestable, and indeed uncontested, that the whole nation recognized the existence and duty of unity of faith; accepted a living authority safeguarding that unity; and found that authority in the See of Rome, and nowhere else. There was criticism, often severe, sometimes legitimate, frequently exaggerated, of the exercise of authority by that Papal See. St. Thomas and St. Edmund failed to find the sympathy and support for which their filial hearts so longed. The Roman Pontiffs were and are mortal men; they may be sometimes frail in health, or weak in will; not always acquainted with all the

facts and factors, or wisely counseled. There are sad periods and lamentable episodes in the history of that See, which at the same time has never failed, as there are also in the story of the Apostles chosen by Christ Himself. But the existence of a Divinely constituted authority in that Apostolic See was not questioned by the British, the Saxon, the Norman and the English Church, however much on occasion the exercise of such authority may have been criticized or harshly judged, any more than it is questioned by the Emancipated Church today.

Secondly, in all these stages of our ecclesiastical history there was most unhesitating acceptance of the truth of the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity. All, in receiving and accepting the Faith of the Catholic Church, openly professed their belief that Jesus Christ is truly God and truly man; that in His Person are united the Divine Nature and our human nature. This was the belief which colored their whole lives, and enkindled their devotion, inspiring in so many the growth of mystical union with their Saviour; and gave a loving tenderness to the devotion of the English which has not been surpassed elsewhere. There was no whittling away of this central mystery of Christianity. Christ was acknowledged as God, and treated by king and subject, by noble and commoner, by rich and poor, by lettered and unlettered, with all the honor, dignity and love which His Godhead demands.

The last characteristic of these previous periods in the history of our Church is the constant continuous form of worship. All believed that in the Blessed Sacrament Jesus Christ—who is true God and true man, as all admitted—is really present, Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, under the outward appearances of the bread and wine, which He Himself had chosen as the elements of this supreme mystery of His abiding and unchanging love for men. The Mass has a place apart. It was the one thing in worship which then, as now, alone really mattered. Nothing could take its place, neither hymn, nor sermon, nor psalm, for of the Mass only had He said: "Do this in commemoration of me." For this did they build simple chapels, and homely parish churches, and glorious minsters and cathedrals, and for this alone. The Mass gave meaning and purpose to them all. Without the Mass they stand, no matter how great their comeliness or beauty, meaningless and purposeless.

There is no need, dearly beloved brethren and dear children in Jesus Christ, to dwell upon the active presence of these three outstanding factors in the life of the martyred and persecuted Catholic Church in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. They are writ large upon every page. Our martyred and our persecuted forefathers found in their spiritual allegiance to the Holy See, in their tender love for Jesus Christ their Divine Lord and Master, and in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the support and strength of their long-sustained constancy and perseverance.

Today we of the happily Emancipated Church appear and stand before our country in all these characteristic features precisely where British, Saxon, Norman and English Catholics ever stood. Their teaching and traditions belong to us today before the eyes of all the world, in spite of the shackles and trials of three hundred years. Ours they are to uphold and maintain and teach, in face of religious conditions, outside our own body, such as England has never known in the past. At first those who in the sixteenth century separated themselves and strove to separate England from the Divinely appointed unity of Christendom, thought illogically to hold the nation in some semblance of united faith and worship. Forgetful of the logical consequences of the principle of private judgment, they imagined that, by putting coercion in place of reason and of conscience, they might still preserve a religious uniformity in England.

CHRIST THE ONE FOUNDATION

Today we see around us the fatal consequences of a policy doomed to ultimate failure from the beginning. "For other foundation no man can lay, but that which is laid: which is Christ Jesus." Once worship was necessarily based upon belief; now they are disjoined, and with the disruption of belief, worship has lost its real significance, and the appeal which it once made to the whole nation. Whole-hearted acceptance of the truth of the Divine Nature of Our Saviour, with all the consequences of that acceptance, is rapidly becoming rarer even among those who honor and revere Him. There is no need to dwell upon the endless variety and strange contradictions in the forms of Divine worship in this England, wherein once, in every church of the many thousands which adorned it, the same form of

worship was offered to God throughout the year. Unity was first abandoned; then uniformity became a hopeless search; today faith in the primary truths of Christianity is weakening and waning. The inevitable moral consequences can no longer be averted. The sacredness of Christian marriage and its permanent character, and the holiness of the married state, and the natural laws which govern it, are no longer recognized even by many who hold themselves to be Christians. The age-long traditions of Christianity in these matters, which are the foundations of our civilization, are disregarded and set aside. A sad experience has shown us that, when we look outside our own body for sympathy and support in our upholding of these traditions, the answer is nowadays halting and hesitating.

Thus, dearly beloved brethren and dear children in Jesus Christ, there is cast upon the Church in England a burden greater than it ever knew in the long centuries that we have been recalling. To her today are given an honor and responsibility greater far than those which fell to her in days when her power and wealth and influence were proportionately so much greater than they are at the present time. Alone in England, amid so many millions who have not lost their respect for God nor their reverence for Divine things, but who none the less are wandering aimlessly in their pursuit of revealed teaching, she has to proclaim her unceasing message that Divine truth cannot change; that the moral law proclaimed by conscience has not been set aside; that men are answerable to God now as they have been from beginning; that this life is only a passing phase of human existence to prepare for a life that will know no end. Steadfast in her loyal obedience to the Divinely chosen center of unity; unflinching in her declaration of the Divinity of her Founder and Master; worshipping Him incessantly in the perfect adoration enshrined by Him in the Holy Mass, our Emancipated Church now enters upon the second hundred years of the freedom which she regained in 1829.

What England will be when the next centenary is kept, must depend very largely upon the action of our English Church in the coming years. Using our freedom to the full, for the love of God and of our Faith, and of our country, we may by united, self-sacrificing effort stem in large measure the rush of evil influence which all thinking men

discern and which all who love the nation's welfare undoubtedly most sincerely deplore. May God be with us in our striving and our struggle. May He, in the midst of our thanksgiving, make us understand the fulness of our responsibility and of our opportunity. May He make us not unworthy of our glorious past, of those ages in which by the action of the Church, Briton, Saxon and Norman and English were alike brought to Christ, and kept in loving homage at His sacred feet. So will we give thanks to Him throughout this year, pondering in the coming Lent the lessons of which this centenary is so full; and then, at Eastertide and onwards, uniting in those outward manifestations of humble gratitude which in so many forms will proclaim the memories of a hundred years of renewed life in the Catholic Church of England. May the Blessing of God be with you, and may His joy and consolation fill your souls, and unite them ever more closely to Himself. In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Humble Science

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

Selection from an address delivered at the seventh annual dinner and reunion of the Men of Malvern, January 23, 1929, at Philadelphia. Reprinted from the "Catholic Standard and Times"

DURING the five days of the Christmas vacation that I was in New York, I spent many hours in attendance at the meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. That association has nearly 20,000 members and some 6,000 of them were in attendance at the sessions in New York. It was very interesting to note that the most emphatic declarations made during the course of the session were with regard to how little we knew about a great many things that we thought we knew a lot about, even at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Above all, life has come to be a very different thing from what it was considered to be when men declared it merely one of the potencies of matter. Now we know that we know as little about matter as we know about life. Profes-

sor Millikan talking before one of the forums used the word *spirit*. At forums they have the privilege of asking questions afterwards. When the question period began, an individual at the rear of the hall who manifestly thought that he had a sticking question to ask, inquired: "Mr. Millikan, what is spirit?"

Now Mr. Millikan happens to be the man in this country who knows more about matter than anyone else, and a few years ago he received the Nobel Prize for his work on the subject, so that European scientists are about convinced that he knows more about matter than anyone else in the world. Mr. Milliken's reply to the question then was: "If you will tell me what matter is, I will tell you what spirit is." The one is just as difficult as the other to understand or define.

UNIVERSE GROWING

The universe is growing in size so far as man's knowledge is concerned, until now it is almost beyond the bounds of imagination. Our universe, which consists of the Milky Way and its environs, is some six hundred years of light across. A year of light represents the distance covered by a beam of light in the course of a year. Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. There are the well-known sixty seconds in the minute, sixty minutes in the hour, twenty-four hours in the day and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, not counting leap years, and the result is something like six trillions of miles. Six hundred times that would be about thirty-six quadrillions of miles. Of course when we put that in figures, it means nothing to us. Hence the attempt to make a unit of sufficient size and use smaller numbers. Now, however, the astronomers have been discovering other universes. We are surrounded by a group of them and in order to have the unit of measurement that would apply to them also, it has been suggested that we should employ the *par sec*. That is equal to about twenty million million miles. No, I believe it is only nineteen million million miles. I am not sure that this little difference would seem very much of a discrepancy to you or to me. That would be something about four hundred trillions of miles for the unit instead of a mere six trillions. That does make some difference.

It is important to appreciate, however, that since man has worked out the knowledge of these huge distances and enormous universes, he himself is greater than the material universe, because if I can understand a thing and can grasp it, then it is smaller than I am, and the very fact that my intelligence is able to make observations by which I comprehend to some extent at least the material universe, makes that of secondary importance compared to man. Truer now than ever is it that the heavens proclaim the glory of the Lord and that the stars show forth His might and His power.

LITTLE CAUSES OF GREAT EFFECTS

While the scientists are occupied with discoveries with regard to the universe, another department of science and another set of scientists are just as much occupied with the almost infinitely little. We are pretty well convinced now that a number of diseases are due to microbes so small that they are quite beyond even the theoretic powers of our microscope, and so we shall never be able to see them. They are so small that they pass through the pores of a Pasteur filter. A Pasteur filter is made of unglazed porcelain, and the pores in it are less than one fifty-thousandth of an inch in diameter. These very minute micro-organisms have an individual life of their own that is absolutely as independent of any other as even the highest form of life that we know anything about. They are never by any chance transformed one into another, and one of them never produces any disease except the one with which it has been associated for so long as the history of medicine is known.

One of these extremely minute micro-organisms is probably the cause of influenza which has produced such a sensation and disturbance in the minds of a great many people during the past month or two here in the United States, and which comes back to humanity as a pandemic or world-wide series of attacks about every forty years. Philadelphia remembers very well what happened to it in 1918 when the Sisters shut their schools and bravely came to the rescue of the many people in their little homes, for Philadelphia is a city of homes who had no one to care for them. Philadelphia even recalls that the seminarians went out to dig the graves in the cemeteries because bodies had accumulated to such an extent as to make them dangerous for health.

Yet all this disturbance was caused by a microbe so small that we never even hope to see it. The little things of life may indeed mean very much, and what seems a trifle may weigh heavily in the balance of existence.

Another disease that has been causing consternation in many families in recent years is infantile paralysis. That, too, is probably caused by an ultra-microscopic germ. There is a skeleton in one of the Philadelphia museums of an Egyptian prince of the second dynasty in Egypt, which bears on its bones marks showing that its possessor suffered from infantile paralysis as a boy and lived for perhaps a dozen years afterwards. That occurred nearly 4,500 years ago. Then, as in our own time, the micro-organism of infantile paralysis made its rounds and knocked impartially at the doors of the huts of the poor and the palaces of kings, and crippled their children, just as in our time it cripples the children of rich and poor. The infinitely little is just as interesting as the infinitely great in this universe of ours.

WHENCE COMES LIFE?

Under these circumstances life becomes an extremely interesting consideration. Where did it come from? What is the meaning of it? That looks like a simple question: what is life? A simple Anglo-Saxon word of four letters. We use it as if we understood all about it. As a matter of fact we know almost nothing about it. We know a little of the answer to the question how life is lived and still less with regard to why, but of what life is, we have no faintest notion. At the beginning of the twentieth century Dubois Reymond, president of the German Society of Naturalists and Physicians, took for the subject of his presidential address, "The Seven Riddles of the Universe." They are matter, motion, law, life, sensation, consciousness and free will. How familiar they all look! How difficult it is to understand any of them! Do you think you understand sensation, for instance? Will you tell me then how you would explain to a blind man, born blind, what you mean by red? It is practically impossible to convey any idea of it. Some people are color blind and never know it. That is why young fellows sometimes come walking down the street with a necktie that you can hear two blocks away. Don't blame their taste; pity them, they do not see colors as other people do.

BLIND TO MYSTERIES

There are people who say that they cannot accept religion because they cannot believe in mysteries. They have no business trying to know anything about science then, because science is full of mysteries. That was emphasized very much during the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Professor Compton, of Chicago, to whom the Nobel Prize for 1927 was given for his work on light, discussed the present theory of light. There is a definite tendency to go back to the old corpuscular theory of Newton which supposes that light consists of very minute particles cast off from a burning or lighted body. That theory, of course, gave place in the nineteenth century to the vibratory theory which declared that light consisted of vibrations in the ether. There is coming to be a great deal of doubt now about the existence of ether. It made a very easy way and a very valuable instrument with which to explain all the difficulties there were in physics. Ether carried not only light vibrations but heat and electricity and magnetism, and also gravitation; while it presents no resistance to the passage of bodies and no friction, it is absolutely elastic so that vibrations that go into it at one point come out unchanged. That was too good to be true, hence the newer theories of light.

Professor Compton lectured for two hours most interestingly and demonstrated that light was vibrations perhaps and was corpuscular perhaps. At the end he said: "Then is light corpuscular or vibratory?" And his own reply was: "Perhaps it is both." There seems to be a contradiction in terms between the two, but that is as far as we can go at the present time. We may use light years as units of measurement but we must confess that we do not know what light is. It is a mode of energy, but now we are defining matter in terms of energy so perhaps it is particles of energy.

MYSTERIES ALL ABOUT US

There are mysteries all around us in science, growing deeper all the time the more we know about them. If one is to refuse to accept mysteries, then one can know nothing. That is why religious mysteries are coming to occupy a much more sympathetic place in the minds of intellectual

men who do some thinking for themselves than was true in the last generation. Men were carried away into materialism and atheism by science. One of our most distinguished thinkers, Professor Millikan, declared not long since that the atheist is much more unreasonable than the man who insists on believing that the world was created in just six days of twenty-four hours each and that man came into existence about three o'clock in the afternoon of a Friday four thousand and six years before Christ. It is in between these radical extremes that the Catholic Church holds her position and offers to man an explanation of his life and the meaning of it that cannot be obtained in any other way.

To say that life is a mere incident in the carbon compounds on a minor planet in the solar system, part of a universe that is associated with a group of other universes, is to stultify one's self. Such teaching leaves a man without any guide in the difficult matter of life. It is because of the logic of the Catholic position that men like Irving Babbitt, professor of English at Yale, have been drawn toward the Church. Professor Babbitt, who curiously enough is the man who has written the best criticism of Sinclair Lewis' writings, and who has taken Mencken properly to task, says: "Under certain conditions that are already partly in sight, the Catholic Church may perhaps be the only institution left that can be counted on to uphold civilized standards."

It is because of the fact that the Catholic Church represents a great upholder of civilization that these retreats at Malvern mean so much, because they bring you in intimate touch with the spirit of the Church. You know ever so much more about your Faith, but you have learned also what resources there are in it for enabling the man of the modern time, even our own day, to face the problems of life. Men forget when they insist in recent years that, if men only knew more, they would be better; but the Greeks were the wisest people who ever lived and yet they accepted an absolutely absurd religion. If anything is needed, humanly speaking, to show the necessity for a revelation from on high, it is the absurdities accepted by the Greeks as religious. They quite literally, in John Boyle O'Reilly's phase, made their gods worse than themselves. They gave them all the human passions without any of the restraint that might be exercised by the belief in God. A hundred

and fifty years ago the French encyclopedists suggested that when we had popular education and men knew enough they would be ever so much better. They hinted that we probably would need no jails and no courts. Our jails might be turned into museums and our courts into schools. We have had popular education in this country for the past hundred years nearly, and I do not know that any of you have noticed that our courts are out of business and that our jails could be made playhouses for the children. At least that isn't true over in New York, but perhaps it is true over here in Philadelphia.

Not knowledge but faith means something for life. Your faith is increased and multiplied out at Malvern. I congratulate you on the results.

The Place of a Catholic University in the Educational World

CHARLES H. CLOUD, S.J.

An address by the President of St. Louis University to the graduate students of the university. Reprinted from the "Daily American Tribune," March 14, 1929

MY topic may not appear exceedingly inviting. It can make no claim to novelty, yet I assure you that it is in many respects new as this morning's sunrise on the eastern hills. Neither are we convened merely to enjoy the amenities of an academic function. This is a serious business gathering at which we are to take stock, to know where we stand, to count up our intellectual assets and liabilities, to discuss the markets that seem breaking down and those whose splendid safe returns invite fuller investment.

You are students of a Catholic university. Some are here through long ancestral association with the Faith, some because they know one or other of the professors and have full confidence in him, some have come with a boon companion; all, of course, are at the university for fuller knowledge, but St. Louis University has been the school of their choice possibly by half-conscious selection. A sense of fairness to all urges me to attempt to put before you this morning the place of a Catholic university in the educational

world. The particular place of St. Louis University will occupy a later discussion. I am confident that, if your kindly disposed minds will follow out the thoughts which time will permit me merely to suggest, you will receive a heartening message, gladdening to some at least as the returns of a lost heritage. But let us rather hold to the word *heartening*, that is, strengthening, fortifying, for we are in a world of struggle in which gladness occupies only occasional moments; we must have strong hearts with us all the day, if we will to do and to succeed.

"The place of a Catholic university in the educational world." Our topic invites us up into the intellectual sphere. My auditory are all well at home in this high, clear atmosphere of thought. In this high altitude we are beyond the hearing of the creaking noises of the anxiously moving world below. The mountain peaks do not ascend higher, and the stout wing of the eagle may not mount so high. Our very bodies, those muddy vestures of decay, are left tenantless in the nether world. The spirit world is bounded here on the map on the north by the republic of the angels, and the lair of demons touches its southern coasts. The denizens of both these neighboring lands incessantly invade the intellectual world, leaving behind them the one, a path flowering with sweet virtues: the other, a trail foul with the odor of sin. Where we have taken our stand, past, present, and future all lie beneath the glance of intelligence at once, for time has ceased to be, and space is swallowed up in its own nothingness. To some men whose lives are dreams this is a land of noonday repose on beds of eider down where "music gentler on the spirit lies than tired eyelids on tired eyes." But for real men it is a place of Armageddon, where titanic wars are waged with world-wide and age-long import. But you know your home land; its streets, and lanes, and by-ways; its people, plebeian and nobles. Here wisdom reigns eternal arbiter of right and wrong. The universities have pre-empted a very large section of this world for themselves; where is the place of a Catholic university in that pre-empted section?

A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

We know first of all that it will be located in that less crowded space there in the northern division, and its chief

asset will be its perpetual alliance with the spirits of goodness. I should like to dwell on this feature. It is one of momentous bearing on our topic, but you fully understand its thousand implications; and, as I said above, I am going to leave to you to ponder the suggestions that I must hurry over this morning.

In outward form a Catholic university need not differ from any of her sister schools. There are today some four hundred universities in the world, of which—strange to say—almost exactly one-half (just a little more than half) are in America, in this new hemisphere that had been for so many ages the abode of barbarian and savagery. Neither do any other towers of learning rise more loftily into the heavens than those of the United States; I mean there are no schools that in all respects surpass those of our own. This is a consoling consideration: that since the break-up of the Ages of the Faith, the Age of Universities, no land or time has seen such zeal for higher education as that which is manifested here and now in America.

In this splendid American group one cannot but observe a distinct and conspicuous advantage enjoyed by the Catholic university. Not indeed historically, but according to particularly American ideals, a university should have the answer to every human intellectual need. Ages ago the analytical mind of one of the world's geniuses (Cicero) divided the relations of the human mind with its surroundings into four categories. On this division the ideal university is divided into four faculties; that, Theology, Medicine, Law, and the Arts, including under the last named both philosophy and all the multitudinous subdivisions of the natural sciences. If one of these four faculties is wanting, a university may be merely in a formative stage, or it may be cooperative with some other school, or content temporarily to be incomplete. But if any should be positively excluded, the school where this holds true is faulty, defective, deformed. Now the faculty of Theology, the very queen among the sciences, is positively excluded from so many American universities that it seems that in the entire region of the Transmississippi there is but one lone university in which the four faculties of a fully coordinated university are discernable. I need not name it.

THEOLOGY

Theology cannot be eliminated from life, much less from the inquisitive instincts of youth. I may illustrate this fact by a somewhat crude incident which I assure you actually occurred a few years ago just as I shall tell it. An honest, fatherly Lutheran wrote us from the North making application for his son—his second son—to enter St. Louis University. With an insight worthy of a philosopher he explained that he had sent his eldest son elsewhere to school with unfortunate results: and he went on to say: "Men like to talk most about what they know least. I sent my son, John, to X University. They do not know anything about religion there, but they talked religion to him until he went crazy. I know you understand something about religion: I'm trusting my son Henry to you." The old gentleman had no reason to repent his choice. Men will think and speak of God and their immortal souls, and they should be directed and assisted in this line of thought, at least not less than in that concerning the health of their perishable bodies. The very lowest forms of humanity strive to express their religious ideas; the wisest of men—if left to themselves—are often scarcely less ridiculous in their efforts in this direction than the humblest of the species. Yet religion is the very breath of civilization, it is the guardian of the home, it is the beautifier of all life, the conservator of peace, the sole comforter of humanity, the one Divine glow on sublunary existence.

NOXIOUS GAS

I cannot easily turn your minds from this important issue. Take a view for a moment of that large dereligionized university class. When contemplating it, there are honest and sane men who declare their minds present them as a reality a vision which resembles the cartoons that our magazines and journals carry picturing the next world war; the soil is puffing forth columns of fumes of poison gas, the seas carry argosies of death, and the heavens are filled with airplanes spitting forth fusilades of flame, while down below frenzied mankind is flying in wild dismay, it knows not whither, for destruction stalks everywhere supreme. These things are not now visible to the eye of the body, for they belong to that upper and more real world. The defenses

of our commonwealth are not material but spiritual. "Her fortification, her castles, are her institutions of learning," says Mr. Coolidge. Consider just a moment, then, into what hands our defenses are entrusted. Is not the doctrine of birth control a noxious gas issuing from our universities? In these same schools Malthus is defended. One of our eldest universities is associated with a philosophy that makes fools of all who die for the truth, so non-pragmatic a performance. Here is a sprightly freshman of fifteen summers who brings home to his loving parents the new university teaching that marriage is a worn-out institution. Was it merely an ugly dream that in our midst two once lovely boys—following their teaching to its logical conclusions—made anatomical material of the living body of one of their boy companions? The bestial doctrine of the survival of the fittest, is it not coming down from the schools with every dire disaster on the heads of a great people?

But, turning away from lurid things, that we may not seem alarmists, here is "Our Dissolving Ethics," not prophecy but fact, not tomorrow but now. "Our Dissolving Ethics" is the title of a powerful article in this month's issue of one of our most thoughtful magazines. An eminent educator, speaking of the parlous conditions, as he puts it, now striking our youth in the face,—after explicitly leaving Catholicity out of his study—says: "They [our youth] have inherited, perhaps, the biggest mess and biggest problem that was ever bequeathed by one generation to another. Never has the road been wider or the signposts fewer." "I might apply to the present situation," he says, "the words of Leslie Stephen: 'Each must act as he thinks best; and if he is wrong, so much the worse for him. We stand on a mountain pass in the midst of whirling snow and blinding mist, through which we get glimpses now and then of paths which may be deceptive. If all stand still, we shall be frozen to death. If we take the wrong road we shall be dashed to pieces. We do not certainly know whether there is any right road. What must we do?' 'Be strong and of good courage.' Act for the best, and take what comes. 'If death ends all, we cannot well do better.'"

DEATH DOES NOT END ALL

There is what is being told our youth. "If death ends all, we cannot well do better." But what if death does not

end all? Is the other side of the question, "if death does not end all," to be forbidden even the standing of any hypothesis? It seems to me that I have heard of a few persons of good sense and judgment who hold that death does not end all. Recently we heard a million people marching through the streets of a great modern city not far away singing glad songs in unison with ten thousand other choirs reaching back through the ages to the very spot where a certain Man came back alive from the gates of death. Every recurring Easter morn, amid the sounds of exultant organs and to the jocund jangling of bells in towers that pierce the heavens of the most civilized portions of the earth, I hear a megaphone responding to a microphone in far-off Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and it tells me: "He is risen as He said, Alleluia." "O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?"

This is the sound of a gladness which has re-created the earth, it has broken the bonds of slavery, it has lifted woman to honor, and surrounded childhood with dignity, it has filled the earth with surging hope, it has given love an eternal seal. But apparently one great section of America's intellectual world has not yet seen that procession of the ages, nor heard that song of triumph. It is guided by opinions instead of by truth, opinions brilliant at times but weak as bubbles against the hard facts of life. Millions of such bubbles are not as strong as a little Indian arrowhead. Every student must do his best, unguided, forming his own frail opinion, as if there were no truth, as if two and two might not be four. They stand on a mountain pass amid swirling snow and blinding mist.

Where are the dogs of St. Bernard that will bring them safety to the hospice of security, and warmth, and comfort? We witness their despair. Some of us who have read the literature of that land where men first turned in large numbers from the voice of the Church have seen the agonies of that desperation in many forms and issuing from many sources, but nowhere more frantic and constant than at the universities from which so many American institutions have borrowed their systems and notions. They are on the mountain pass facing destruction. But do you observe that they are too proud to call for aid? Yes, even too diabolically proud to accept it when it is at hand; and they go hurtling into the abyss. If they refuse our human aid, it remains

for us to call out to heaven for them. We must do the crying out for help till heaven hears us.

DUTY OF CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

There has been at all times in the history of America a something differentiating this nation from all other lands that are wandering from the fold, a certain saving inconsistency, an illogicality that characterizes so large a group of our leaders that we have been enabled to avoid consequences. And this is the fact which attracts larger attention to the paper of Mr. Adams, to which I referred. He, according to every point of view, is just the type of an American whom we should expect to find representative of that saving group. He is a young man, full of mental energy of a high type, which he controls with exquisite poise. He was an associate of the imperturbable Colonel House when our ship of state, under their invisible piloting, moved calmly through the hurricane of the World War. That such a man should portray the condition of our youth in the educational world so amazingly desperate cannot but be alarming. They have lost all hope. Mr. Adams has marked out the place of the Catholic university in the educational world, negatively it is true, but with the accuracy of a theodolite. A Catholic university has a duty, a call; it is her place to put back hope and with it peace and happiness into the lives of all who take but a slight unwary step. Heaven knows that youth has ever had a narrow and dangerous path, where deceptions allure the most innocent.

These are youth's enmeshments. But coiled about in such garniture how can there be hope for victory over the primal passion—the seven-headed hydra of pride, covetousness, lust, wrath, and the rest? Youth cannot by any means win in such an unequal contest. It may as well despair, it is doomed to the abyss, unless the rescuer appear on the scene betimes. The Catholic university is that savior. It holds hopes and healing in its bosom, and its first word is "Peace."